

An Excellent and Most-pleasant New SONNET,
Shewing how the
Goddess Diana Transform'd *Acteon* into the Shape of a Hart.

To a pleasant new Tune.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



Diana and her Darlings dear,
went walking on a day,
Throughout the Woods and Waters clear,
for their sports and play;
The leaves aloft were very green
and pleasant to behold;
These Nymphs they wait'd the trees between,
under the shadows cold,
So long, at last they found a place
of Springs and Waters clear,
A fairer Bath there never was
found out this thousand year:
Wherein Diana, daintily,
herself began to bathe,
And all her Virgins fair and pure,
themselves did wash and lave:
And as the Nymphs in water stood,
Acteon pass'd by,
As he came running through the Wood,
on them he cast his Eye,
And eke beheld their Bodies bare,
then presently that tide.
And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
with voice aloud they cry'd,
And clos'd Diana round about,
to hide her Body small;
But he was highest in the Rout,
and seen above them all.
And when Diana did perceive
where Acteon did stand,
A furious look to him she gave,
and took her Bow in hand:
And as he was about to shoot,
Acteon began to run,
To hide he thought it was no boot,
his former sight was done.
And as he thought from her to scape,
he thought it so to pass,

Incontinently chang'd his shape,
even running as he was;
Each Goddess took Diana's part,
Acteon to Transform,
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
there they did all determine;
His skin that was so fine and fair,
was made a tawny red,
His body overgrown with hair,
from feet unto the head;
And on his head great horns were set,
most wonderful to behold,
A huge Hart was never met
nor seen upon the Hold:
His ears and eyes that were so fair,
transformed were full strange,
His hands and feet compass'd were
throughout the Woods to range.
Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and waxed fierce and grim;
His former Shape did quite depart
from every joint and limb;
But still his Memory did remain,
although he might not speak,
Nor yet among his Friends complain,
his woful mind to break;
At length he thought for to repair
him to his dwelling-place,
None of him his Hounds were ware,
and gan to cry apace:
Then Acteon was sore agast,
his Hounds would him devour,
And from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power.
He spared neither bush nor brake,
but ran through thick and thin,
With all the swiftness he could make,
in hope to save his skin;

Yet were his Hounds so near his tail
and follow'd him so fast,
That running might not him avail,
for all his speed and haste:
For why, his Hounds would never lin-
cil them him overtook,
And then they rent and tore his skin:
and all his body shook:
I am poor Waster Acteon,
then cry'd he to his Hounds,
And made unto them rueful moans,
with sad lamenting sounds;
I have been he which gave you food,
wherein I took delight;
Therefore suck not poor Waster's blood
his Friendship to requite.
But those Curs of a cursed kind,
on him had no remorse,
Although he was their dearest friend
they pull'd him down by force,
There was no Man to take his part,
the Story telleth plain;
Thus Acteon a huge wild Hart,
among the Does were slain.
You Hunters all, that range the Woods,
although you rise up each,
Beware you come not nigh the flood,
were Virgins use to bathe:
For if Diana you espy,
among her Darlings dear,
Your former Shape she will disguise,
and make you horns to wear.
And so I do conclude my Song,
having nothing to alludge;
If Acteon had Right or Wrong,
let all true Virgins judge.

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